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Summary: Eleven is missing and Mike and the gang are trying to find her while a new and more dangerous threat lurks right under their noses.

1. Chapter 1

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"It hurts but it's okay, I'm used to it."

The overlapped and mortified chatter of what felt like thousands of unidentifiable voices rang throughout her head pervading the blackness breaching her comfort, invading her space. Each word stung like a needle to tender flesh, numbing her, screaming. The voices grew in great volume, with each sound came a sharp pang to her abdomen lurching her body forward, filling her ears with nothing but the unbearable pain and foreign noise like the static of a walkie talking lacking a response.

"Eleven!" she managed to make out of the distant, but earsplitting screams. Its terrified voice lingered in the air as the voices died out almost instantaneously.

Her eyes split open wide with such force. Grasping at her aching body she shook all over. Fear raided her body she fell to her knees scraping them against the cold grimy floor, slime creeping up her leg. She gaped at the hideous and grueling environment surrounding her in horror. Her mouth stuck in a long "O" shape, shivering in its place. It is worse. Much worse than before.

"M- my fault, my fault." She breathed, taking in the horrible stench of rot and death while moved her bony fingers to touch the forming lump in her throat.

"My-my fault." she whimpered, wiping drying blood from her tear ridden face.

Tears poured down her flushed and burning cheeks like water flooding from a sink. The dried blood tainted her seemingly gray skin by her ears and streaming from her nose. Shuddering and screaming, pulling at her head, she leaped from the floor at an inhuman pace. Shakily she took off at a limp run. Her frail body and quick nimbleness failed her as she collapsed to the ground once again.

Looking around frantically pulling at her bruised head, anxiously, she sat up, her scarred legs and bony knees were crouched underneath her chin digging deeper into what was left of the hem of the hand me down dress, she'd adopted as her own.

" Mike." she croaked her chin digging deeper into the light material that lay onto her dirtied trembling lap. " Mike, I'm scared."

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2. Chapter 2

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The memory of her dark bambi eyes staring back at me, while a strong and invisible force pushed me back abruptly against a classroom wall replayed over and over again in my head like an old and worn out mixtape playing through static during a thunderstorm. Her screams echoing through my ears pulling out all other sound. And her last words to me rang throughout my head like a newly bought telephone. And then, in an instant, it was gone. There was no more noise. No more screams. It was just black. Whipping my head shakily back and forth made no difference, there was nothing, just me and the darkness. Alone.

Then there she was. her eyes, gleaming, dark as night but humble as a flower laying atop the grass all at the same moment. Her dress torn, her eyes swollen with tears that rained like a stream down on her cheeks that were painted a dim red. Dried blood stained directly above her mouth from her small nostrils and on her soft earlobe. Her mouth formed a small "O" shape as her eyes stood still, not blinking. They looked empty, lost, scared even, just as she did when he had first found her doused in rainwater, wandering the woods wearing nothing but an old t-shirt stained with blood.

"El?" I jumped stumbling toward her my feet catching each other, tripping myself clumsily before regaining my balance. As I looked up, eyes laced with hope she seemed to dissolve, carried away, drifting out into the blackness as the world seemed to spin swallowing Eleven as it went. I reached out my hand hopelessly trying to grasp, anything, any sort of remnant of her, any way he could save her like he couldn't before. Soon the pain invaded his body once again draining the feeling from his heart. A look of pure melancholy plastered to his face, remembering the promise he had yet to fulfill. As the color returned to his shut eyes and the world became clear he could hear but a faint and fading whisper. It was three little words that could twist all of his insides and everything that was in his now aching stomach. It made him want to scream and tear something apart violently knowing it wasn't true, that it couldn't be possible.

She was gone now. She was dead. But he was sure he had heard a small helpless cry. He wanted to scream he wanted to sob until his eyes ran dry, but he wanted to be strong, for her. All he heard was-

"Mike I'm scared." as four simple walls with its suburban feel rose up above him. A plain ceiling seemed to come into focus. These were his walls, his room. She had been here once. It was kind of their first real day together. He had wanted her to leave but she wasn't so easily manipulated, something he had admired about her. He missed the way the edge of her mouth would form a small grin that knotted up his insides into many small pieces forming an awkward mischievous smirk every time he said her name, "El", a lopsided smile, or whatever it was he loved it, but now it was gone, she was gone.

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3. Chapter 3

"Mike!Mike come down for breakfast!" Mrs. Wheeler yelled forcefully.

After the strange events that occurred about A month or two ago Mrs. wheeler painfully realized she had no idea what her children were up to these days. Where they were, what they did, or who they were with. She needed to keep her guard up.

The doorbell rang hastily about ten times before Mrs. Wheeler could reach the white pastel colored door. Dustin. She yanked the door open drawing in a breath.

"Mike, Dustin's here, hurry up!" she yelled hastily up the stairs.

"Run Mike run!" Dustin added with dramatic emphasis, waving his hands crazily around his unruly auburn hair.

Mrs. Wheeler rolled her large brown eyes playfully, sighing as she slumped in the doorway, tossing her hair over her shoulder.

Loud frantic footsteps pounded against the stairway as nancy came running down in a hurry. Grabbing her bag she bolted for the door.

"Nancy aren't you going to eat?"

Sighing Nancy ran back to the toaster, her white sneakers clicking against the floorboards, throwing her bag on a vacant chair, and grabbed a burnt slice of wonderbread out of the steaming toaster that radiated the scent of burnt bread heavily throughout the house.

"Bye." Nancy said throwing her bag over her shoulder and shoving her way past her mom and Dustin, toward the general direction of her high school.

"Mike! Hurry up, you're going to be late!" Mrs. Wheeler yelled impatiently, tapping her foot against the sleek hardwood floors stained a light brown hue.

"Yeah Mike you better hurry up this is like waiting for plants to grow!

In the desert!" Dustin yelled, his hands cupping his mouth while he paced back and forth in the doorway.

Mrs. Wheeler looked dazed, rubbing her temples, her bony fingers making small imprints about the sides of her face.

Two more bicycles circled the driveway gliding gracefully up to the doorstep. Will and Lucas.

Mrs. Wheeler worriedly glanced up at the stairs at the empty hallway above.

"Mike! Mike?

4. Chapter 4

Dustin, obviously annoyed at Mike's stubbornness, bounded up the creaking stairs in a determined manner and a curious look painted onto his face like a circus clown. He murmured curse words in a huff under his breath as he reached the top of the stairs disappearing into the narrow hallway. Mrs. Wheeler shook off the young boy's carelessness as he waltzed into the house, there was no stopping him whether she had wanted to or not.

Lucas and Will threw their bikes to the hard cement surrounding the suburban house, running up to the wide open door.

"Hey Mrs. Wheeler." Will chirped as he stole a look through the white-trimmed doorway. "Is Mike ready?"

"Where'd Dustin go?" Lucas chimed in.

With a sigh Mrs. Wheeler glanced upward towards the wooden stairway. Her large pupils pervaded of hours of stress and frustration.

"Upstairs getting Mike. I don't know what's gotten into him usually he's never this late. Maybe I should go check on-" But she was stopped mid-sentence.

Dustin suddenly appeared on the top of the staircase with a serious look splattered onto his chubby childlike face. "Guys."

"Hey, where's Mike?" Will asked looking between both Dustin and Lucas' shared worried glances.

"Come on Will." Lucas said dryly as he raced up the stairs.

Will stayed back a minute, hesitating, and flashing a reassuring look back at Mrs. Wheeler. His dainty chapped lips pursed and his sweet, big, and round brown eyes telling her everything would be okay.

Mrs. Wheeler, frightened, yelled up the stairs frantically, "Dustin? Dustin?! Dustin tell me what is going on? Is Mike all right? DUSTIN?!"

But he was already gone. Down the hallway into Mike's room. Loud steps echoed throughout the small home, bounding through the hallway. Mrs. Wheeler put her hand to her head attempting to fade the worry. Dustin poked out his head from the summit of the long stairway and gave Mrs. Wheeler a mischievous toothless grin and then popped his head back, darting down his set path once again.

5. Chapter 5

Dustin, Lucas and Will stood at the doorway of Mike's small familiar bedroom. Their gazes locked straight forward, and their mouths gaping at an open window on the far side of the room. The sunlight glimmered like candlelight in a power outage and shone through the thin glass. A heavy draft wafted through the room, whipping each of their warm faces with it's cool touch across their soft skin. Lucas charged to the window, pulled at it. It was open.

Lucas' gaze drifted, looking back at Dustin and Will with a sharp glance that could cut glass. Dustin stepped up, "It's open." he breathed, eyes wide and his grin slipping from his face by each passing moment.

"No shit." Lucas spat as he paced across the room.

"I don't get it. Where's Mike?" Will chimed hopefully as a young child would have.

"I don't know." Lucas said curtly

"He could have left a note or something. Did you see a note?"

"I don't know." Lucas said staring at the floor more tone painting his voice now.

"This is bad. This is bad. Emphasis on the BAD part." Dustin motioned crazily in the air with his hands, wildly.

"Maybe he's at school already, wanted to go early." Will suggested shrugging his shoulders.

"Maybe. Probably." Lucas said stroking his chin. After a few moments passed he looked up, his thick eyebrows unwinding, "Let's go." he declared decidedly.

As their dirtied tennis shoes slapped the wood of the upstairs halls stomping down the old worn stairs the three boys paid no attention to the over protective mother blocking their path. She stood at the bottom of the staircase before the door.

"Where's Mike." she said tilting her head, opening her eyes with a sudden confidence radiating from her, ready for an interrogation.

The boys exchanged glances and Dustin stood up immediately confronting Mrs. Wheeler's tired figure ready for an emergency improvisational escape plan.

Lucas looked up at Dustin worriedly that he might say something stupid and only cause them more trouble.

"Mike's at school. He left early. He left a note on his bed."

"Hmmm..." Mrs. Wheeler seemed to be considering the thought until looked up again staring deeply into each of the boys' youthful frightened eyes and she spoke again. "Did he mention what time he left?"

"Nope just that he wanted to get there early to help Mr. Clarke set up some AV stuff." Dustin chirped with as much seriousness as he could muster into his shaky voice.

"And Mike didn't try and get in touch with any of you before leaving?"

"Nope. Probably didn't want to wake us. He's a nice guy." Dustin said shaking his head with enthusiasm.

"Sorry, Mrs. Wheeler, but we *really* need to get to school." Lucas chimed in.

"Okay." she said stepping aside glumly. She stood up more firm than before and addressed them, "Tell Mike we need to have a talk when we get home. Got that?"

"Sure." Lucas said smiling

"No problem." said Will over excitedly.

They turned quick on their heels while Mrs. Wheeler slumped back glumly and retreated to the kitchen to treat herself to a warm cup of milk to calm her energized and jumpy nerves.

Once outside the door to Mike's house, Dustin, Lucas, and Will hopped on the seat of their bikes pushing themselves down the driveway, propelling them forward. They rode across the rigid pavement against the strong rubber of the bike's large circular tires.

A long path of tall shedding trees and small rectangular street signs were all there was to see other than the graying morning sky that seemed to fade in a matter of minutes. As they rounded the corner bordering Hawkins Will began to slow his pace.

"Keep it moving! We need to hurry!" Lucas shouted over the strong wind slapping at his dark skin in the crisp morning air. Will looked up dizzily, his face paling, and his eyes, glazed.

Dustin came to a stop.

You okay, man? Dustin asked stopping his bike and fully turning his attention toward Will who seemed to be growing weaker.

"I'm fine, it's just I-"

"Dude, you like shit." Dustin examined, looking him up and down, testing his posture.

Will chuckled slightly under his breath looking back up towards the road.

"LUCAS!" Dustin screeched startling both Will and the young boy who was riding his bike, determined, and almost out of sight. Lucas turned and lifted his hands up hastily in the moist wet air. Will glanced worriedly at Dustin.

"What the hell man!" Lucas yelled his shoulders and hands forming an over-exaggerated shrug. Lucas pedaled half-heartedly back to where his two companions stood. "What." he said his eyes narrowing, daring either of them to speak.

This was usually taken by Dustin as a challenge. He opened his mouth forming the words with his long pink lips, his finger pointed outward, but was interrupted quickly by a small frail voice. Will.

"It's nothing really. My stomach hurt. I had to stop, I'm sorry."

"We need to get Mike." Lucas persisted.

"I know I'm sorry I just-" but he was stopped mid-sentence. He was gone. Like he had just blinked out of existence. Not a trace, not one brown silky strand of hair was left in his place. He was just gone. The damp pavement unharmed. The trees around them swayed their usual pattern. Everything around the two remaining boys seemed to stop, time just stopped, and there was nothing. The image of his widened and fearful, large brown eyes stained to the back of their minds.

Swiping his hand through the empty air, open-mouthed, Dustin looked sideways at Lucas, clearly confused.

"That was some mystical shit." Dustin said his eyes still wide from surprise.

"Shut up." Lucas said almost in a whisper, but clear enough for Dustin to hear.

The auburn, curly haired boy opened his mouth once again, his lips forming the words, mouthing them into the frosty air.

"Mental." he breathed

6. Chapter 6

Mike's POV

The blazing light scorched the surface of my pupils. I squinted back as small tears welled in my tired swollen eyes. Confused I whipped my head back toward the house. My window. It was open and a long line of my Star Wars sheets were knotted together forming a tightly knit rope. It lay limply sprawled over the grass covered in the remains of morning dew. I quickly, realizing what I had done, scurried towards the makeshift rope, grabbed hold of it, and stuffing it underneath a nearby shrubbery.

The strong beams of the sun still beaming radiantly lit the grass like a thousand torches.

As if in a trance my hand traced along the doused earth as my feet stepped soundlessly over the dirt. My pace quickened and I retracted my hand with a jolt. My arms at my side now, I began a confident stride out towards the streets of the quiet town of Hawkins. I concealed myself within the shadows of nearby shrubbery and tall trees standing gallantly, towering above my head. The morning sky swirled above me like thousands of tornadoes fell into slumber in the sky, creating a dizzying atmosphere. The trees grew in number and the pavement slowly grew to become dirt. My brown eyes, oblivious to my intended destination and the path in which my feet pushed me.

I felt a pull. I needed to go there. I needed to be there. In the forest. In my mind the image of Eleven, sickly pale and fear stricken shuddering in the blackness, alone, replayed over and over in my head. Her bloodstained and ruffled dress and tear-ridden face pasted on the backs of my eyelids. A bad dream. A frighteningly real nightmare. My feet walked mindlessly until my foot was stopped mid- trance. Almost falling over I blinked, eyes widening. Standing behind a tall pine tree in the middle of the woods, I stared out dumbfounded. My breath caught in my dry throat as I held in a gasp.

It was Hopper. He was digging in a hurried manner, pawing at the ground seeming as if he was wishing it to break open. There lie in the wreckage a small wooden box, covered in the traces of the moist dirt

of the forest grounds. Hopper picked at the damp lid prying it open and dropping a small bowl filled with mysterious contents and two small circular items wrapped together in seran wrap. Eggos. I could recognize them anywhere. It was the first food I had gifted to El and it had always been her favorite ever since.

Flabbergasted, Mike stepped away from his small hiding behind the tree sauntering closer to the jumpy officer still concealed only a bit by the fading shadows. Hopper rustled his coat and quickly shut the lid and picking up dirt from off the ground and covering the hidden box once again under the depths of the layers of the earth. Standing up now, Hopper wiped the dirt from off his trousers, looked around cautiously, and then ran towards the dimly lit main town streets of Hawkins. Questions nagged at the back of my brain, there was too much to take in and too little time.

My curiosity pervaded my body taking over my limbs. I moved shakily toward the mound of damp earth reaching with my small pale hand. I rolled up my jacket sleeves and dug with my nails and fingers until I flicked a hard surface. Wooden and hollow. It was the box. Carefully, I opened the lid. The eggos, warm to the touch, sat at the bottom of the mysterious box once concealed by the darkness now extremely exposed and cooling in the frosty air. Shutting the lid, I scampered away sitting a only few feet away from the box. A chill ran down his spine like a ghost passing through him, making him shiver, and making him think. What was Hopper doing here? Why had he put eggos in this secluded box in the forest? What is he hiding? Staring at the box of secrets for what felt like a mere second, I began crawling awkwardly back towards the box, I reached out my hand and grabbed hold of the lid once more, gripping it tight in my hand. As I lifted the lid and threw it back, I peeked inside the box, the scent of eggos gone, now replaced with the small bare walls of wood surrounding more wood. The contents gone. The box was empty.

7. Chapter 7

Will's P.O.V

The rubber tires of the bike wobbled and skidded uncontrollably on the crooked ground as Will's hands slipped from the black cylindrical grip. He flew off the bike as his tires rolled to a stop after a long groaning silence. The light was absorbed into the dark sky. The grimy stench was all too familiar to Will. The scent wafted in through his nose and down his throat making him almost gag. His eyes widened in the darkness as his lips trembled. Most times, when he blinks out, he'll reappear in just a few seconds. Climbing up from the slime-infested ground he rubbed the dirt off his worn blue jeans and stood to the ground. His lip trembled as a cool breeze brushed past his chestnut-colored hair. Looking around he recognized he was just where he had disappeared, but Dustin and Lucas were gone from sight. He could feel their presence lingering on the other side of this cheap interpretation of Hawkins. He sauntered toward his fallen bike at the side of the beaten path. Grabbing one of the newly infested, slimy handles he swallowed bile and picked up the rest of the bike. He walked to the only place he knew to be safe. Home.

Walking stiffly and quickly he listened intently for anything, just anything at all. He knew the Demogorgon was gone. That girl - Eleven - she saved them and she had killed the demogorgon blasting it to pieces. As he approached the path from his house that led out into the woods to Castle Byers, Will stood for a second cringing almost in pain expecting to be thrust back into Hawkins - his Hawkins. How would he ever get back now? Proceeding along the path he gazed skeptically into the darkness hoping to uncover some secret truth that no one has found out yet. He was looking for anything, just something, some kind of answer to how all this is possible.

A twig cracked underneath his rough shoes and he snapped his head up at attention instinctively. A whimper cried from inside Castle Byers. Will steadily stepped to the side pulling the small curtain with it. His legs almost buckling under him he shook with fear, frightened at what was concealed within his safe haven.

A small bowl was clattered about the floor by the curtain. Two beady eyes were concealed within the shadows of the makeshift fort. A small frail, thin body sat crunched in the corner, hiding its best within the shadows. He swallowed hard.

"H-h -h-hello?" he croaked shakily regretting his decision almost instantaneously.

The small crumpled shaped receded from the shadows drawing as much light as there was onto its face.

"Will."

His mouth flew open and he was speechless. He gaped with his eyes wide in the small space between the two. He had only seen her once, but he knew it was her. He felt it. She was here, she was the one who gave him hope in his peril, who told him everything would be okay. It was really her. The weirdo on Maple Street who flipped a van with nothing but her mind and exploded into nothing sacrificing herself for himself and his friends. This was her, this was Eleven.

8. Chapter 8

Dustin & Lucas' P.O.V

Dustin pushed his bike carelessly to the ground with a thud. As did Lucas. The bikes' front lights flickered as it made impact but soon vanished as fast as it had come. Dustin waved his arms about in the empty space that had once been occupied by his comrade Will Byers just a few seconds ago. Swiping at the air with his arms crazily must have made him most definitely look mad. His face dumbfounded he faced Lucas, his mouth shaping the letter "O" and his eyes wide.

Rolling his eyes Lucas sighed, "Shut up, man."

"I didn't say anything yet." Dustin whined like a child yearning for a toy.

"Just, shut up." Lucas breathed closing his eyes, absorbing the situation

Dustin returned to flailing his arms about the empty air and every so often looking back at Lucas with the same crazed glance.

Lucas shifted his step and turned towards Dustin shakily. Rubbing his hands together and pacing back and forth, he looked like a madman.

"This is bad. What do we do. No Mike. No Will." his breath hardened. "Should we tell Mrs. Byers and Jonathon?"

"Uh duh." Dustin said flatly with an annoyed glance blinking away from the invisible force he seemed to be engaged in a staring contest with. Shaking his head he turned away "This is VERY bad."

"I think we've established that this is bad, can we MOVE ON!" Lucas shouted throwing his hands up, frustrated.

After a moment of strained silence Dustin broke it off, "You're right." he said decidedly straightening out his blue and plaid collared zip up jacket "Let's go."

"Go where?" Lucas asked growing frustrated with Dustin's curt

responses.

"To tell Mrs. Byers about Will. Sometimes your total obliviousness just blows my mind, I mean where else?"

"Wait Dustin we nee-" his sentence was cut short and Dustin had already thrust himself on his bike and rode off down back the way they came.

" Dustin?! Dustin, we need a plan! What are you gonna tell her? Huh?! Did you think about that?! - Oh hey Mrs. Byers, so YOUR SON DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!" Lucas said mockingly.

"HURRY UP SLOWPOKE!" he screamed. "MRS. BYERS!"

Lucas threw his hand to his forehead shaking his head softly in annoyance, grabbing his bike and riding after Dustin following the bumpy dirt path onto the main streets.

"MRS BYERS!" his loud voice droned through the trees lining the path throughout the mountains and the small town that was growing into view.

"WILL YOU SHUT UP!"

"NEVER!" Dustin screeched over the force of the wind against his warm ears and grinned, satisfied.

9. Chapter 9

Will's P.O.V

Will gathered up his courage and swallowed his fear with a gulp of air. Calmly yet shakily he crouched down onto the ruffled blankets that scoured the floor. El, dirtied and misshveled stared longingly at Will who sat awkwardly at the entrance of the fort.

"You're Eleven. Aren't you."

Eleven, crouching into the small fort, clutching a small stuffed lion that he had long forgotten, she shuddered at her own name. She looked at the ground for a moment then set her gaze back to Will.

"Yes." she said, her voice stuffed with the tears that tainted her frail voice.

Will scuffled over to her carefully. "Um.. Mike really misses you. Everyone really misses you." he said

She perked up in hearing Mike's name, but crumbled with exhaustion.

"You don't get much sleep down here, do you?" he said bringing her in towards him with a voice of obvious worry.

"No." she replied looking down and shaking her head faintly, and her voice raspy and dry, like she had long been without water.

Will scuttled next to her bringing one of the fairly green sheets over Eleven's bony bloodstained knees and bringing her in towards him for warmth.

She flinched at his touch but slowly began to relax into his shoulder.

"Thank you." she said grinning weakly. Although it looked like she had food to eat it didn't seem as though it was enough to keep her from tiring.

An earsplitting shriek of what sounded like an army of a thousand

men charging into battle rang throughout the air, pervading Castle Byers, his only safe place. His eyes widened and his breath caught. Eleven's head snapped up quickly with strategy. She scurried limply outside Castle Byers reaching her hand weakly, outward towards Will.

"Will." she said with enough force as it seemed she could muster.

He reached out his hand gripping hers as he stood. "Eleven. Wh-wh-What was that? Is it the Demogorgon?" he said frightened to his wits. He could hear it walking. It sounded of a thousand bells ringing at once in a grand chapel, which made it hard to tell which way the sound was coming from, but Eleven seemed to know.

Seeing her now in the little light provided he could tell she was starved and weak. Her thin figure shook. Her dress, he recognized the thin pink ruffled dress to be Nancy's, was torn in some places and stained heavily with blood in others. Her face was covered in dirt and grime, as was her legs that dripped with a colorless slime.

Still not answering his question, Eleven kept looking between Will and the darkness beyond. Whipping her head back and forth to the grim shadows of the forest, whatever it was must be close.

"Come." she pleaded turning towards him with haste. "Will?"

His knees buckled under him. His knees falling into the grime and dirt of the Upside Down. He looked down at his legs. They were fading in and out of existence, like a projection. He was breathing hard and craned his neck up to look at her.

"Run! I'll be back!" His face flickered in and out, he was going back.

"Will." she said her large brown eyes welling with tears.

"I'll be back! Eleven I promise I'll come back! Run!" The monstrous scream masked the air. Eleven winced crumpling to the ground. A new darkness was coming over them both. The monster's shadow loomed over them, the stomping drowning out all sound. Eleven was glued to the floor in exhaustion. Her eyelids fluttered, closing in on themselves. She was going to die.

"Friends don't lie." she whispered faintly to the ground.

"What is chasing you, Eleven tell me what you are afraid of." he said his voice crackling in and out.

Eleven's gaze shifted from the screaming shadows to him. She looked him dead in the eye a lone tear racing down her scraped face. "Thessalhydra."

Will thought back to the night of the last campaign. It had been ten hours long and Dustin, Mike, Lucas and I sat around the game table all complaining how it couldn't be over. Reminding him of the this place. If the gate was sealed like Hopper had said, why was here? How could he be here? Thessalhydra.

-Flashback-

After defeating the Thessalhydra their campaign was considered over. While complaining like a small child, Dustin's eyes widen drastically, "Oh no! What about the lost knight?"

"And the proud princess?" Lucas interrupted.

"And those weird flowers in the cave?" Will chimed in.

-Flashback Over-

Eleven's pale tired face against the cold floor of the Upside Down was the last he remembered. Then he was back.